You Have To Fight The Good Fight

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You Have To Fight The Good Fight

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Summary

Will has been with the Lecters for a week, in that time neither have had much chance to really think about how Will is going to fit into their day to day lives. While the bosses are out, one of the henchmen makes a pass at the young Submissive while he's alone.
The incident causes Hannibal to rearrange his operation, realising that he can't trust his goons not to pull something like this again and enlists an old friend who recently got back into town. The addition of this friend sparks jealousy within the ranks which the mob boss is more than willing stoke for his own amusement.

Notes

Please be aware that there is attempted rape in this chapter, if you are not comfortable with this, please do not continue to read.

Unbeta'd, all mistakes are our own.

Will had been living with his Dom's for a little over a week and he was starting to get antsy. They were giving him time to settle in before they started his hard training but honestly he was going a little insane, he still followed the basic rules laid out for him on day one, and he was a good submissive, so far he hadn't done anything to warrent a punishment but he craved more structure.

A lot of the time he was left to his own devices with Demetri to protect him, Hannibal and Tabitha were both busy and they didn't seem to want to crowd him too much too early. Will respected their reasoning and he cared for them all the more for their thoughtfulness but he wanted their company, he missed it. Most of his time was spent hiding upstairs, they large guards still scared him and he had no desire to spend any longer in their company than necessary. Besides which Michael creeped him the fuck out, the guy was always watching him and sneering at him, looking him up and down like he was mentally undressing him. The submissive had tried to voice his concerns to his Daddy and Mistress a few times but they were always just rushing out of the door. Honestly, he was starting to worry that they didn't want him around, that he was in their way and they thought they'd made a mistake.

Currently he was sulking in the kitchen downstairs, Demetri had finally snapped and refused to spend any more time cooped up on the top floor and since Will was supposed to be near him at all times he hadn't had much choice but to follow him down. Unfortunately ten minutes after arriving Demetri had gotten distracted by COD with the other guards and seemed to have completely forgotten Will even existed. He even snapped at him to "go and make himself useful" when Will had tried to drag him upstairs. So the submissive had retreated into the kitchen to cook the one thing he was any good at - chocolate chip cookies. He was chopping up a large block of dark chocolate with the sharpest knife he could find when the hairs on his neck rose and he felt someone's eyes, or *eye*, on him. Will spun around and swallowed as he saw Michael leaning against the doorway, leering at him.

"W-What the *fuck* are you doing here?" He spat, cursing as his voice shook a little, "You know you're not supposed to be alone with me."

Michael snorted, pushing himself up and stalking towards Will, making the younger, smaller man, back up into the work top, hissing as the corner caught his spine, "You ain't my boss, you scrawny, pathetic *fag*." He growled, "You got it?!"

Will shrugged, still trying to get as far away as he could but running out of space, he drew himself up as tall as he could, and tried to sound tough though the glint in the hitman's eye was making him uneasy, "No… I'm not." He said simply, "But I am above you. And… And my Dom *is* your boss so maybe y-you should just run along before I tell him all about this, huh?"

Backhanding the Sub clear across the face with enough force to send him sprawling to the floor, Michael let out a derisive laugh, towering over on Will and placing a large, dirty boot on his chest to keep him down, "You still don't get it, do you lady? Lecter ain't my boss. My boss is someone you know plenty well…" He knelt down on the floor and and yanked Will towards him by his shirt, pulling him into a bruising kiss, biting down hard enough on his lip to tear it, blood flowing freely, "Freddy says hi, *Willie*."

The moment Will heard the name he went into a frenzy, desperately trying to scrabble away but he just wasn't strong enough. Michael outweighed him by too much. His clothes were ripped from him and he was left naked, red welts growing on his pale skin from the fight. Michael yanked him up onto all fours and draped himself over his trembling back to whisper dangerously in his ear, "I'm gonna tear his ass in half and then I'm gonna choke the life out of you and leave you for Hannibal to find as a little reminder as to what happens when you cross Chilton. But you'll like that, won't you, you freak? Everyone knows you like it rough…"

Michael pulled away to pull down his jeans and Will took his chance, he launched himself up to the counter and grabbed the knife that he'd been using, gripping it tightly as he turned to face Michael, his hands trembling and his eyes wide and frenzied.

The goon snorted, stumbling to his own feet and advancing, "Don't be stupid, whore. We both know you won't do anything…"

"D-Don't come any closer!" Will snapped, "You stay back!"

Michael made the mistake of lunging towards the cornered, scared submissive. Will let out a cry of fear and launched himself forwards, the knife tore through Michael's chest and blood spurted forth, covering Will's hands and chest. It wasn't enough to kill but it was enough to take the bastard down. The next ten minutes, Will worked on pure adrenaline, later he wouldn't even remember it. He found rope from one of Hannibal's kits and strung the large man up from the ceiling fan, noose just long enough that Michael's toes could reach the floor but if he slipped he'd be a goner. Once the job was complete Will collapsed in the corner, bruised and bloody, hyperventilating and shaking in pure, undiluted fear.

Hannibal and Tabitha returned from an important cross state arms deal at the docks with a few select men, talking strategy between themselves and the next few moves that Hannibal had already began to put in place for the next phase of their operations.

Stepping into the foyer, the crime lord's arm shot out to stop his wife from walking further into the house, he put a finger to his lips to silence everyone, nostrils flaring to take in more of the metallic tang that hung in the air, "Stay here." He commanded her, withdrawing his gun from his holster as he slowly made his way through the lower floor, following the scent of blood.

The instant he was far enough into the dining room to see the mess made of the kitchen, Hannibal strode to the doorway and levelled his aim on the maimed male hanging pathetically from the ceiling fan, "Tabitha! Now!" He shouted over his shoulder, turning back to growl at the barely conscious hitman in front of him, "What the fuck did you do?"

Tabitha threw her clutch on the dining table as she ran past and straight into the kitchen, sliding across the blood on the floor to fall on her knees at Will's side, uncaring of the blood soaking into her Alexander McQueen dress as she pulled the submissive into her arms, "Are you okay, baby? It's okay, I'm here… Shhh, baby." She breathed softly, kissing to top of his bloodied curls, "You're gonna be okay…"

Hannibal lowered his gun once he was sure Michael had lost enough blood to make him helpless enough for the time being and shrugged off his suit jacket to toss it to the female, “Cover him up, I’ll be back.” He muttered, turning on his heels and disappearing from sight.

A moment later Han kicked through the front room door, marched across the floor and pulled Demetri over the back of the sofa with an arm around his throat, dragging him through the house with very little effort, “Everyone stay where they fucking are!” He roared at the sound of scrambling men behind him.

Throwing the young male to the ground in the middle of the puddle of blood, the greying male lent against the door frame and flipped the ceiling fan on, watching as it dragged Michael’s weight in slow circles around the kitchen, “Demetrius…” He drawled, lowering his cold eyes to the male on the floor, “Would you like to explain how the fuck this happens when *you* are the assigned guard who’s sole job is to be watching William?!”

Tabby looked up at the sound of feet clambering to get friction on the hard wood flooring, “Hannibal what the fuck are you doi-”

“SILENCE!” The older male roared, his eyes never moving from the man he’d considered family for years, “I am your Dominant first and husband second, do you understand me Submissive?”

Eyes dropping to the floor in a millisecond, Tabitha nodded quickly, not wanting to get on the male’s dark side, “Yes, Sir…. I’m sorry, Sir.” She said softly, returning her attention to the younger male, “Hey, Will… Can you talk to me, please?”

Will’s eyes were wide and unseeing, he was trembling so badly, both from cold and pure, undiluted fear. He couldn’t quite process what had happened, he was in such a bad head space that he didn’t seem to be able to find any way out of it. Tears welled up and coursed down his cheeks before he could stop them. He flinched badly when Demetri hit the ground next to him, scrambling to get away, fingers tightening around the hilt of the knife, knuckles turning white as his grip increased.

Demetri yelped as Hannibal grabbed him and he was instantly worried, he’d seen his boss angry hundreds of times, but never quite like this, and never at him. When he hit the blood he looked at his soaked clothes, horror settling over his features. His head snapped from Michael to Will, as if reassuring himself that the blood hadn’t come from the submissive, “W-Will?” He choked out, crawling towards him and slapping his cheek lightly to bring him back to them, completely ignoring the violent flinch and whimper that gained, “C’mon buddy… You okay?” Demetri looked up at Hannibal guiltily, “I don’’t know what happened. I… We came downstairs and the guys dragged me into a game… Will.. He didn’t want to be down here but I… Oh God…” The bodyguard covered his mouth, looking sick, “I yelled at him.. Told him to make himself useful. Boss, Tab… You gotta believe me, I didn’t have a clue.”

The jacket around him, bringing the comforting scent of Hannibal, and his Mistresses soothing voice brought Will back. His eyes finally focused and he looked down at the knife in his lap and his scarlet hands as though he’d never seen them before. Suddenly recognition spread over his features and his head snapped up, looking first at Michael then Hannibal, “I

didn''t… I stopped him." He choked out, finding full sentences strangely difficult, "He.. One of Chilton's. Was… Was gonna… and then kill me… message for you. I stopped him though. I… did I do good, Daddy?" His voice was tiny, like a scared child needing validation, "Did I do good?"

"Pathetic." Michael rasped out, "Fucking f-fag. Should have just… just shot him then… then fucked his d-dead ass." He knew he was dead, but he wasn't backing down, "Been g-giving Chilton info for… for w-weeks. He doesn't like that you… you stole his toy. Wanted me to… to l-leave a message."

Tabitha put herself between Will's body and Demetri as he hit the floor, Tabby tried her hardest to keep her hands gentle on Will's face and to make him meet her eye, "Will, baby… I'm not gonna hurt you, I won't let anyone hurt you, okay?" she breathed, lowering one hand to wrap her fingers around the hilt of the knife only to get to her feet and hold it to Michael's throat, "You're gonna wish I killed you, you know that don't you? 'Cause the quick death I would have afforded you… Is far from what you're about to get."

"Tabitha." Hannibal growled low in warning, stepping toward the female and still hanging male, a micro smile as Tabby backed up for each of his steps was enough to tell her he was taking control back. He stood directly in front of Michael to throw a cross punch across his jaw, "Now, one eye.. You and I are going to have a little chat in the red room.. Then we're going to show the ranks what happens if you ever try to cross me." The older male's expression was cold and yet gleeful at the same time, the smell of all the blood around him getting him riled up enough to beat at least one of the males to death.

Aiming a good kick at Demetri's ribs, Hannibal spat down at the younger male, "I refer you back to the previous question. You were assigned to guard him, how *dare* you tell him to do anything other than what he wished to do?" Hann grabbed a hold of the front of the male's shirt to haul him to his feet, "You're coming with me." He smirked, pulling the male toward the elevator, calling behind him, "Tabitha bring Will with you."

Turning to look at the submissive male again, Tabby seemed to snap out of her rage, dropping the knife in the sink to duck herself under Will's arm and helped him to stand up on his own feet while remaining covered in the older male's jacket, "C'mon, baby.. I got you, you're okay. We're gonna take care of him, you'll see." She assured him, sliding past Michael and into the hallway, "You lot have five minutes, the boss wants the pervert in the red room, take the stairs." The order was given to the empty hall but she knew the men were still sat frozen in place in the living room, trying to work out what they needed to do.

Once Tabby was in the elevator with Will, Hannibal turned his key and punched in the code before dropping Demetrius to the floor unceremoniously, "Stay down, and shut up."

Will huddled into Tabitha's side, burying his face in her neck, every part of him wanted comfort from both of his Dominant's but even in his fear addled state he knew that Hannibal was busy. He brought his blood covered hand up to his mouth and started to bite his nails, not even blinking at the taste of the blood.

He looked down at Demetri and instantly felt bad, he really did love the man, he was the only friend that he had and he couldn't blame him for getting sick of being stuck with only Will

for company, “S’not his fault.” Will whispered, “Please, Daddy… Was M-Michael… Not Demetri…”

Demetri looked up at Will, guilt washed over his features, “Please… Please, Will. I’m so sorry… I shouldn’t have left you alone, I thought you were safe in the house.”

“S’okay. Daddy an’ Mistress’ll make it right..” The submissive murmured shakily, “He didn’t… didn’t do anything much except smack me around a bit. Bruises… split lip… S’okay.” It was so far from okay, his heart was racing so fast it was almost painful, he was scared and in pain. But he didn’t want Hannibal to go too far and accidentally kill Demetri.

Taking Will’s hands in her own, Tabby brought their joined hands up to her lips and started kissing the backs of his knuckles tenderly, “Don’t do that..” She whispered, looking up into his blue eyes with undisguised fear in her own, “We know who it was, but rules are rules sweetheart. Regardless of whether we call him family, D was given a job and he shirked that responsibility.” Tab pursed her lips together to keep from saying anything else on the matter, she could only be objective about situations like this of short periods of time and it was better to focus on Will’s welfare.

Hannibal took a deep calming breath so as not to snap at the submissive and traumatise him any further, “William… I understand the situation, you were *attacked* for starters. Regardless of what said attacker did or didn’t manage to do to you, you were put in danger because your guard stopped doing his job. Secondly, the fact there’s a mole in here and has been for months? That’s a security breach of the highest form, Demetrius has a little atoning for his sins to do.”

The elevator dinged as they reached the top floor, and with Hannibal’s nod, Tabby led Will down the hall and headed straight for the en suite bathroom in their shared bedroom. The female gently sat the slim male down on the chair in the bathroom, rushing around to get a bath run before he could set into shock, “We’re gonna get you clean and then we have to go and watch.. Daddy’s strict that everyone knows when someone fucks up, they don’t get to do it again. It’s nothing to worry about, Demetri’s not dead yet, means he’s more than likely to survive this telling off.”

Will nodded slowly, shrugging Hannibal’s jacket off of his shoulders, “Do we… Do we have time for a bath?” He asked softly, eyes meeting hers imploringly, “I don’t… I can feel him all over me. He draped himself over my back and I… It was like being back at Chilton’s and…” He lurched off the chair and his knees hit the cold tiled floor hard as he emptied his stomach violently into the toilet, “G-God Tab… I… I nearly killed him. I’ve never… I can still feel the knife sliding through…”

Demetrius swallowed, following his Boss out of the elevator. After his father had died Hannibal had practically raised him, trained him to be the killer he was, he saw the man as a second dad and now he’d let him down in the worst possible way. He almost wished the older man would kill him, he deserved it, “Hannibal… Please. I didn’t mean for him to get hurt. I’m sorry… but… I mean… he’s been murder these last few days. He wants you and… well you haven’t been here. All he’s been doing is moping around and refusing the leave this

floor… he's scared of the guys, you know? I was wrong, I know I was… but I needed some space."

Two of the guards from downstairs knocked loudly on the locked door to the stairs, a bleeding Michael held between them, "It's us, Boss! Let us in?"

Tabitha pulled her ruined dress over her head and threw it to the floor, leaning over to check the temperature of the water, "We have enough time, Hann will be setting up for a show and I'm sure he wants to make sure you're okay before deciding on the best way to deal with Michael." She shuddered, kneeling down on the floor next to Will to rub his back lightly, "It's okay, I know what you need. Let me look after you, okay?"

Waiting until he'd finished emptying his stomach, Tabby wiped his face on a wash cloth and pulled the flush, stroking her thumb across his cheek, "You know what? He would have deserved if you killed him, but the first one's the hardest.. I'm glad you didn't kill him, it's too early to have that on your shoulders, you're not ready. Not yet, but you will be." Tabitha made sure to make the submissive keep eye contact, "Do you hear me, you will be strong enough to kill him and Chilton and anyone else who victimises you, I'm gonna make sure of it."

Suddenly stopping in front of Demetri, Hannibal loomed over the younger male, sneering in his face, "You of all people should know that it's best not to talk to me right now." He took a long breath, rolling his eyes at the knocking on the door and pointedly ignoring it to continue his tirade at his personal body guard, "Demetrius, I took you in and raised you from the day your father died - card for you much longer than that and I've worked my ass off to get you to where you are within your own right. You had one on one training, you know the ins and outs of my operation better than anyone but myself and Tabitha, do you have any idea how disappointed in you I am right now? Your boredom almost got my submissive raped and killed." He backhanded the male across the face then pulled his head around so he was looking him dead in the eye once again, "I will not kill you, not today.. But I'm making an example out of both of you… Get your ass in the red room and take a seat. Try not to ruin my flooring while you're at it." He snapped, striding to the stairs access to unlock the door and pull it open, pointing the way Demetri went, "Follow him, sit his ass down and if he tries to move, cuff him to the chair."

Tabby reached out to shut off the water once it had filled enough for Will, then stood slowly, easing the male to his feet to, "I'm not going anywhere, okay. I'm right here with you." She half smiled and gestured to the warm water, "If it's okay I was thinking of joining you, panties stay on, scouts honour."

Demetri nodded, unable to argue. He struggled to his feet and made his way into the red room - he'd never been in there as a subject of the punishment, just to witness that of others. He'd have been stupid if he wasn't slightly scared but he was made of strong stuff, he knew he deserved it and he'd take it like a man. Sighing he dropped all of his weapons in the bowl by the door, crossing to sit in a chair and scowling at Michael and he was thrown into the one next to him, "Bested by a sub… bet that's really pissing you off, huh?"

“Shut… up…” Michael moaned, struggling weakly as he tried to break free, he’d lost a lot of blood and he wasn’t up to much, “Lucky… hit…”

Will nodded slowly, climbing into the bath and hissing as it hit his skin, he watched as the clean water turned a cloudy pink. He felt better as his own skin emerged clean, “Please…” He nodded, holding out his shaking hand, “Sorry. I know I’m a mess. I’ll get there…”

Watching as the males did as they were ordered, Hannibal skulked into the living room to pull a full bottle of tequila from the bar, simply uncorking the top shelf booze to take a few gulps, barely feeling the burn down his throat, “I’m surrounded by morons.” He grunted, taking another swig as he picked up his metal baseball bat where he kept it for if any of the others got overly rowdy.

“I wouldn’t call the gash across your thorax a ‘lucky hit’” Hannibal smirked, leaning against the sturdy wooden door, watching the two makes as they sat side by side in twin pools of light in the otherwise darkened room, “In fact, I’d go so far as to say you’re lucky to still be alive, if you could consider it luck.” The greying male laughed, stepping fully into the room for the first time and waving off the two other guards, by the wall, remain silent or God help you, I’ll rip your throats out.”

Pulling a third chair away from the wall, Hannibal flipped it around to straddle the chair backwards, his arms folded and resting on top of one another on the back of the chair, “Well, gentlemen, two men enter and one man laves. Three guesses as to which one’s gonna be dead by the end of the day?” His question was directed at Michael, head cocked to the side, ready to pick up on anything his body language had to offer him, “How long have you been working for Chilton? Don’t lie to me, you’ve already said too much and I’ve several more hands to play that Freddy couldn’t begin to wrap his tiny little mind around, so it’s really not worth it. You may as well come clean now and save the both of us the effort. Don’t you think?”

Tabby climbed over the side of the tub and slid into the bath behind Will, picking up the previously discarded wash cloth to rinse it out and started to rub gentle circles over the submissive’s bloodied skin, “Don’t apologise to me, Will.. You have nothing to be sorry for, if anything we should be saying sorry to you; we shouldn’t have kept leaving you here, I should have taken you to the club while I worked the books or out with us to do simple jobs.. We just thought it was best to let you settle into some kind of a normal life before we threw you in our world.” The female wrung out the cloth again then continued to clean the male, “We should have known something was wrong when he spoke up the night we brought you home, the men here fight for attention and praise all the time. I can’t believe he’s a mole.. And that he sent him after you like that.”

“A month.” Michael admitted reluctantly, “Doesn’t… Doesn’t pay as well as you b-but I was… was getting money off you too so it was worth it. Y-You picked the worst of his whore you could, y’know?” He wheezed out, “Graham’s a shite whore, earns nothing c-compared to the rest but… he had his uses as a p-plaything. Chilton don’t like to sh-sh-share his toys with no one.” Michael smirked at Hannibal, wanting to get under his skin so that he could trick the man into killing him swiftly, “Hit him first, y’know? Split that pretty l-lip of his good an’ proper. Then I t-told him just what I was gonna do t-to him. Started fightin’ then, bucking l-

like a filly in heat. D-Draped m-myself right over his back and ran m-my hands all over that silky smooth… smooth skin. Parted those ass cheeks an' found a f-fucking tunnel 'tween them. B-Bitch is loose as an old ladies cunt… t-taken so many cocks down there y-you could fit both fists in an' not touch the sides… Don't know why… why you want him so much."

Will was quiet for a long time, deliberating his words, not wanting it to sound like he was blaming his Dominant's, "I did." He said finally, "I mean… Not that he was a mole but I… I knew something wasn't right. He was always watching me, like he was waiting to get me alone." The submissive swallowed painfully, "I tried to… to tell you and Daddy a few times but you… well you were always busy. Which is fine, I get it!" He hurried to reassure her, "But… I started to wonder if I was imagining it."

"A month." Hannibal repeated slowly, committing that detail to his memory for further investigation down the line,. He remained silent, letting the other male have his talk, the words cause'd Hannibal's muscles to coil, ready to attack the threat to his pet, "Hold your tongue!" He cried, rising to his feet to kick the chair aside, he loomed over the injured male, grabbing a hold of his chin Hannibal tried to wrench his mouth open, "Better yet, I'll hold it for you."

Lecter's hand shot out to grab a pair of pliers from a trolley set against the wall, he continued to try to pull Michael's mouth open, eventually resorting to holding his nose until he was forced to open his mouth to breathe. Hannibal had the male's tongue in the pliers grip before he was able to close his mouth again, he pulled at the lump of wriggling flesh until it's owner began to scream, "Now, I already figured all of that out. You see, I know the kinda guy you are, Mikey. You're a one eyed, money grabbing-" he stopped further to scent him properly, "-cocaine addicted,, rapist cunt, aren't you?" His head snapped up to glare at Demetri in the other chair, "Don't you dare laugh or say a word, 'cause I can live with ripping your tongue out. A mute bodyguard is still an effective bodyguard."

Hannibal focused back on Michael and his wriggling tongue, smirking as he pulled it just a little bit further only to suddenly release him with a chuckle, "Oh you're in for a long night, my friend. My rage is far past an impulsive kill. No, you're going to suffer." As he spoke, the male walked back to collect his chair from where it had landed, he righted it with a smile and returned to his previous position - straddling the backwards chair and watching the two males, "Demetrius, you were playing Call of Duty. Want to tell me why we have two xboxes in the house connected by the fucking internet? To play in two different rooms. You wanted to play your own thing so bad, why not just turn on the one in the front room?" He slowly turned his head to face the male in question, eyes burning int the other male's, "You made a really stupid mistake." He nodded slowly, clearly wanting the younger male to nod along with him, as if speaking to a very slow child, "You know I have have to beat you, don't you? You're my family, Demetrius, and you let me down."

Tabitha froze at Will's words, fingers playing with the washcloth under the surface of the water, "I'm sorry.." She whispered, pressing her lips to the male's shoulder softly, "I-I should have known, I should have… I'm so sorry, Will. Everything we promised and we couldn't even keep you safe at home. You must think we're shitty Doms… I mean, moles aside, what we do is, fun and crazy and passionate, everything you think it would be and more." Tabby slide her arms around the male, pressing herself closer to hug him from behind, "We wanted

to give you a life worth living, one where people give you the respect you deserve. Hannibal and I know what's inside you, Will… You're something special."

Demetrius straightened his spine and nodded, jaw set. He understood, he knew the way Hannibal worked, there would have been no way to let him off with a warning - not after all of the men had seen what had happened. Besides, Will needed to see that his safety mattered, if Demetri had been let of lightly then all that would show the already insecure Submissive would have been that he didn't mean squat. He gave the blubbering, begging Michael a withering look, "I know. It's okay."

Michael whimpered, screaming and crying as best as he could, while he'd known he was going to die the moment Will had stabbed him this was the first time he realised just how drawn out and painful it would be, "Please…" He begged, words barely recognisable, "Just… Just let me go. I'll go far away. Hey! I could even turn double agent on Chilton for you, that'd be useful, right?"

Will sighed and nodded, climbing out of the bath on shaky legs and reaching for a towel, "I don't think you're shit Doms." He said simply, "I think you're busy building an empire… but maybe… can we start my training? I want to be there building it with you, not left behind like a child." He touched the cord around his neck and winced as his fingers came off watery pink, "And can you cut this off for me please, Mistress? It's soaked in *his* blood and it's all I can smell…"

Hannibal watched a Demetri conducted himself with the same sense of dignity he'd always had, that the older male had fostered for years until he came into his own. He smiled a little, "Good. Let the pain remind you how much you fucked up. Then we'll see about putting you back to work."

Cocking his head from one side to the other, clicking his neck loudly before standing once more, Hannibal rounded his chair to stand in front of Michael looking mildly contemplative at the thought of having an inside man, "Hmmmm. No." The older male smacked Michael across the face with the pliers still in his hand, "I don't need a man on the inside, I had one that was already there. I have all the info I need to bring Chilton down, then I'm gonna find out who's paying for his tech and I'm gonna throw them into a hole to rot in the ground." He dropped the pliers on the trolley once more and sat himself down again, "You know you're not getting out of here alive, it's best you accept your fate."

Tabitha stood as Will did, hovering close by in case he needed some support, turning for a moment to empty and rinse out the tub, "Well, I feel pretty shitty - not that it's your fault at all, I just do. I should have been here." The female sighed, shimmying her panties off to throw into the laundry basket as she wrapped her fluffy robe around her body and picked up another towel to help the male dry off, "I agree, and so does Hannibal. I could see by the look in his eye that he realised his mistake." She brought a hand around the submissive's neck as the other flipped open Hannibal's straight edge razor from the marble sink to slice through the chord, throwing it away then dabbing at the damp skin it left behind with her towel, "I want you to understand that training will mostly be the business end of our lives, how the ranks work, day to day shipments etc. We'll teach you to fight, Hann will teach you to shoot and we'll get you right where you need to be so you're never a victim again."

Standing on her tip toes to kiss the young male's cheek, Tabby placed a hand lightly on his shoulder, "C'mon, we should get dressed to see the show. He'll be getting impatient soon." She gently took Will's hand to link their fingers together, leading the way into the walk in closet to browse for something to wear before starting on Will.

Will nodded slowly, swallowing and not liking the fact it was completely unrestricted, his neck was now bare, without even a makeshift collar, and he despised it. It made him hate Michael all the more. It was his fault after all. Nodding he followed Tabitha through the the closet, pulling on the clothes without a word, just happy to be completely covered if he was going to be back in the one eyed goon's presence. He was still shivering, shock taking hold, but he wouldn't allow it to overtake him until they were done. The submissive was determined to prove that he could be strong.

Slinking quietly into the red room, he blinked as his eyes tried to adjust to the dim lighting, "H-Hi, Daddy." He whispered, making sure Hannibal was between himself and Michael, reaching out to grip the material of the back of his Dominant's shirt lightly, grounding himself, "M'clean."

"And without a collar." Michael sneered, seemingly flip flopping between begging for his life and attempting to speed up his death, "What happened, Willie? They decide to cut you loose?"

"Shut your damn mouth." Demetrius growled, "You don't get to talk to him!"

Will cocked his head on one side and frowned, "Of course not. Don't be stupid… Takes more than you to get between me and them. Was just soaked in your blood. Wouldn't want to.. to contaminate anyone. How's the stab wound? Painful I hope?" He was terrified and anyone who actually knew him could see that but he refused to let Michael get the best of him, refused to let Michael see him upset any longer. Tabitha was right, he wouldn't let him make him a victim… at least not until he was alone with his Dominants. Drawing a deep breath he stepped over to Demetri and slapped him hard across the face, breathing out a sigh as tension oozed out of him, within the blink of an eye he'd slapped him across the opposite cheek, "What he did isn't your fault. But if you ever leave me alone or speak to me the way you did today again, Dem, I'll castrate you myself. Got it?"

Demetri nodded meekly, he'd never seen this side of Will before - he liked it.

Tabitha changed into dark grey ripped jeans with large patches of fabric missing from over her knees then zipped herself into a burgundy cropped cami. By the time she'd put on fresh lipstick, shoes and jewellery on, Will had dressed himself so she led the way through to the red room, standing a step behind Hannibal to survey the damaged on both males.

As Michael spoke, Tab slowly ran her fingers along his forearm to assure him then folded her arms across her chest, just watching with a smirk, "Keep your fucking mouth shut, rapist." She shot at him, standing straighter and about to hit the one eyed male herself.

"Tabitha, don't you dare." Hannibal warned her, stepping around the submissive and his wife to turn the chair around, setting it far enough back for the occupant to see

everything, “William, sit. Tabitha, kneel.” He ordered with a simple point to the chair and space next to it, “Time to get this show on the road.”

Stepping around the room, Hann made his way to the tannoy panel on the wall, “I want every single last one of you fuckers upstairs in the red room in the next two minutes. Anyone late will be shot on sight.” He commanded, stepping away from the wall to face the room once again.

Nodding at the order given to her, Tabby tugged Will’s hand to sit in in the chair, kneeling down next to it with little more then a wince at the cold wood flooring under her bare knees, her head bowed respectfully and awaiting the room being filled with bodies.

Will hesitated, the idea of sitting whilst Tabitha knelt felt foreign to him, he didn’t like it. He knew better than to argue with Hannibal though and he hesitated, rocking up on his toes to press a soft kiss to his Dom’s cheek before following his Mistress and curling on the chair, pressing his leg into Tabitha’s side as if to reassure himself that he wasn’t alone. The younger male went rigid as men filed into the room, not liking being shut in with them all, but he breathed through it.

Demetri let out a soft chuckle, clicking his jaw, “Good on you, kid.” He mumbled, awaiting his fate.

Tabby gave Will a smile from behind her hair to let him know it was fine that she was kneeling instead of him. She wrapped her arm around the submissive’s calf, lifting her gaze from her lap to watch the proceedings.

Hannibal turned to look over the gathered men, half of whom were still rubbing sleep from their eyes after being jolted awake by the tannoy. He waited until he had everyone’s attention, the situation taking a moment to sink in for a few men, “Gentlemen, I’ve brought you here to see a mole and attempted rapist of *my* property!” He stamped the heel of his boot down on Michael’s crotch as hard as he could then turned to gesture to Demetri in the other chair, “And here we have a failure; Demetri was charged to protect William from any threats coming his way, instead he allowed most of *you* to convince him to play the goddamn xbox. Which I am not going to forgive lightly, I add.”

Lecter span around, his fist connecting with the younger male’s chin before gripping his cheeks to headbutt him for good measure, “You do not get off lightly because of your relationship to me, my boy.” He punched Demetri again before moving back over to Michael, slamming his knee down on the other man’s arm, trapping it against the arm of the chair, Hannibal grabbed a hold of his finger, bending it backwards with ease, “Do you see what happens when you fuck with my things?! “ He roared, snapping another of Michael’s fingers in his hand, “This man has been inside our organisation for a month at least, how the fuck did he get in and where is Chilton getting the money to pay for a goon like this?” He looked over his men, staring each and every one of them in the eye, “I am going to have answers, if any of you are involved in this, I *will* find out. And I’ll kill you. Just like I’m gonna kill Michael, nice and slow.”

Hannibal snapped another of Michael’s fingers then slapped his face a few times as he struggled to remain conscious through the pain, “Uh-uh, none of that. You’re going to stay

awake through this, asshole." He pulled his gun from his holster again and pistol whipped the other male, "All of you. Get. Out. Get Demetri patched up and send him to the dentist." The older male pushed his hair back from his face and turned his head to look across the room to Tabitha and Will, "Find Valentin, he landed four hours ago, you know where he'll be. I seem to require a little shifting in the ranks and a lieutenant position has just opened up. Tell him refusal will not be accepted, I require his presence." He met his wife's eye with a scowl, "And for God's sake make sure he's dressed appropriately."

Tabitha rose to her feet, nodding at her orders as she turned to look down at Will and held her hand out to him, "We'll wait for the others to go before we leave. I think you'll like Val, he's like a god."

"Tabby…"

The female looked at the grey haired male with a smirk, arching her eyebrow at him in challenge, "What? It's not like you don't think so too."

Will took Tabitha's hand and stood slowly, swallowing painfully. He was hurt, he was in serious need of comfort and reassurance but he knew that would have to wait. He just hoped that Hannibal had some time for him later, he was starting to feel like he was only there for Tabitha and that Hannibal merely tolerated his presence.

He looked over his shoulder at Demetri being half carried away, "Yeah?" He asked curiously, "Cool… So he's coming to fill Michael's spot?"

Tabitha helped Will out of the red room once the sounds of the others had petered out into nothing, rubbing his back through his shirt as she stopped to grab her grey faux fur coat and Will's leather one, "Yes and no. The spot is always Val's if he wants it, we don't call any of the other men lieutenants, they're not worthy of it. Valentin and Hannibal go back a long time, they're practically brothers." The female explained on their way out to the garage where she and Hannibal kept their personal cars.

Thirty minutes later and Tabitha puled around the back of a strip bar in her mustang, looking around the still otherwise empty parking lot, "Ever the classy man.. He tends to hit the first titty bar he finds on the way from the airport, stays there until he gets thrown out." She shrugged, checking the clock on the dash to see it was a little after four in the afternoon, "God damn it."

With a resigned sigh, Tabby lent over to press a kiss to Will's cheek, "He'll love you, he knows the meaning of respect." She smiled, tucking one of his curls behind his ear, "You're with me, and you're ours. You're safe." Tapping the gun tucked into her shoulder holster sewn into her coat, Tabby slid out of the drivers seat and pulled her cat eye sunglasses over her eyes.

"Huh… Okay." Will nodded, pulling on his stolen jacket and turning the collar up to cover his irritatingly bare neck, scowling slightly. He curled in the passengers seat of the car, rather enjoying being able to sit in the first seat for once. He rested his forehead on the cold glass, drifting into his own little world as he fought against the onset of pure, subspace for the first time in his life.

When the car stopped, Will forcibly shook himself out of his thoughts, climbing out of the car and allowing Tabitha's words to comfort him a little - if not enough. He knew he was acting like a nervous, jumpy puppy but he figured that given the events of the day, on balance, it could probably be allowed.

Following Tabitha, Will pressed himself as close to his Mistress as he dared, outwardly calm but if one was to look closer they would notice his eyes darting around, slightly too wide to be anything other than scared, and his fingers twisting together nervously.

Tabby strode across the parking lot with purpose, pushing the door open and holding it open to let the male in behind her. Upon entering the bar, the female's nose screwed up at the cloud of smoke and she had to push her sunglasses up to let her eyes adjust to the dingy light. She stopped and linked her fingers with Will's, seeing two strippers making their way over, baring her teeth in silent challenge.

Weaving through the otherwise empty bar, Tabitha headed directly for the male sat with his back to the door, shoulder length blonde hair, white t-shirt and jeans covered in coagulating blood. Rounding the table to sit herself down, Tab sat Will down in the one beside her and kept their hands linked.

Valentin looked away from the remaining dancer on the stage when he felt company approach him but upon seeing a friendly face he simply smiled, folding his hands on his lap, "Tabitha… To what do I owe this pleasure?" He let his eyes wander down Tabby's body then moved along to the male, his eyes widening a fraction and eye brows raising, "New submissive?"

"Hands off, Val. Really not the joke you wanna make today." Tabby growled, her hand moving to her gun in warning.

Val simply raised his hands in surrender, "No need for violence, Tab, I was merely observing." He chuckled softly, getting to his feet to press kisses to both of the redhead's cheeks, the then turned and offered his hand to Will, "Valentin Eriksson, it is a pleasure to meet your acquaintance. I hope you'll forgive my appearance, I had work to do on your Master's behalf." Looking around the sleazy venue he sat down with a gesture to his surroundings, "The locale isn't up to much but it's really the patrons I was interested in."

Will's eyes widened as he looked over the man. Absolutely stunning, but really could do with a haircut. The blood instantly put him on edge, as did the strong, wide shoulders and bulging arms, but if Tabitha trusted Valentin, then will trusted Tabitha. He hesitated for just a moment before taking the man's hand, knowing that there was no way Valentin could miss the soft tremors still running through him. Licking his lips, Will nodded, "N-New submissive." He agreed, "And he's not my 'Master'." The sub looked vaguely ill at the thought of Hannibal asking him to call him that, "He's… Daddy."

Shrugging, Will held up two fingers to the bar tender and knocked back the glass of scotch brought to him within seconds before looking sheepishly at Tabitha, hoping he wouldn't be in trouble, and turning his attention back to Valentin, "Sorry. Bad day." He muttered, gesturing to his slip lip and bruised face, "Daddy's busy dealing with it. He asked us to come and find you…" He looked over the patrons and snorted, shaking his head, "Middle of the road,

underfed and mistreated. Trust me, I'm a expert. If it's whore's you want, I know where to find you the good ones. By which I mean the ones who genuinely love what they'e doing and have decent pimps who look after them instead of hurt them."

Tabitha watched Valentin with Will, ready to snap at him if need be, she half smiled at Will then gestured between the two males, "This is Will, he is mine and Hannibal's." The female looked up at the waitress, pointing to the top shelf liquor, "Bring me a bottle of whiskey and a glass, then get lost." She smiled sweetly, turning her attention back on the blonde male, "No, he's not after sex, he can get that anywhere.."

Valentin smirked, picking up his glass to swirl it's contents before taking a sip, "Astute as always, Tabitha. I was here beating some information out of a customer or three." He flexed his bloodied and bruised knuckles, grunting as a few cracked and popped. The male waited until the waitress had come and gone before continuing, "There's a mole in your operation working for Chilton. From what I can tell these are just the first moves in a *very* large game."

Picking up the bottle to pour herself a drink, Tabby poured Will another and sat back in her seat with a laugh, "Val, you're bringing me old news, babe. We already know this, Hann's tying up that loose end as we speak." She rolled her eyes and took a sip of her whiskey, "Hannibal's relying on you to bring him information we don't already have and all you have to show for it is a drink in a grotty strip bar, an unsalvageable designer suit and you've fucked up your hair with the blood."

Amusement quircking up the corner of his mouth, Val simply stared at Tabby with his piercing blue gaze before pouting just slightly, "As if you'd ever leave me to sully your good name with my hair like this? Hannibal would kill me and then you for breaking the image he likes to project." He chuckled softly, draining his glass to put it down on the table between them, "I have relevant information about this mysterious benefactor, I don't think it's wise to risk revealing this information outside the security of the house."

"Fine, but I'm driving and you're in the back seat. I'm not having you fuck with my radio again, last time I had it stuck on Cambodian throat singing for like a week." Tabby drained her glass and set it back down, crossing one leg over the other with a scowl "I assume you're gonna want me to fix your hair now you fucked it up, right? My services are not free, you know that."

"Whatever you wish, you are the Boss after all." Valentin chuckled running a hand through his matted hair, "I was starting to think it could use a cut." He turned his attention to Will again, patting the back of his hand as he shook it, "If the information I have is anything to go by, you're a special man. Hannibal has always been a fan of collecting the rare specimen like you and your Mistress. No offence meant with the title, I wrongly assumed. Please accept my apologies." He half smiled at the younger male, "I am here to protect you, please believe that. I mean you no harm, quite the opposite, really."

Tabitha rolled her eyes, throwing a menu from the table at the taller male, "Keep it in your pants for the day, you can get your rocks off at the club later - on the house, of course. Family discount."

“I would like to take those numbers though, dear William. My life can never have too many whores. I pay if the goods are right.” Val’s charming smile was every inch as disarming as it was handsome, “I have a feeling we shall be good friends, your connections come in very useful for my.. Work.”

Will chewed on his lip but nodded, shifting nervously as he downed his second drink. He was starting to relax around the man, honestly he reminded him a little of Demetri, but experience had taught him to be cautious and he wasn’t ready to trust completely, “S’okay. You didn’t know. The mole outed himself today. Attacked me. Tried to r-…” He broke off, looking sick and unable to maintain eye contact, “Anyway. Important thing is, I stopped him and now we know.” His mouth quirked up at one side, “I’d like that. Could always do with more friends and one of mine pissed me right off today. You’re always welcome to my contacts, a know a few good people who could really do with the money.”

He stood and grabbed the bottle, taking a swig and reaching automatically for his Domme’s hand, “Should we… should we go? Daddy’ll be done by now… He’ll be waiting.”

Valentin shook his head, waving off the weight of the attack from the younger male, “You don’t have to tell me, I’m sure I can guess judging by the file I’ve put together.” He shrugged a little, standing up to offer his arm to the young submissive, “May I? If your mistress doesn’t mind, of course. I’d like to know your recommendations on your friends, it’s been hours since my last good fucking.”

Tabby got to her feet, picking up the still almost full bottle of whiskey from the table and threw down a a thousand dollars from her back pocket, knowing that the blonde never left anywhere without making a mess, “If it’s fine by Will, it’s fine by me. He’s in charge of his body, even if he’s our pet.”

“Excellent, I’ve always wanted a little brother to play with. I’ve got enough nagging from Tabby to last me a lifetime, never need a woman around for much more than exercise.” The older male winked at the bartender, the only decent looking girl in the bar at this time of day, “Think Hannibal will require some help cleaning up?” He asked eagerly, eyes darkening a fraction at the thought as they headed out into the sunlight again

Tabitha walked out into the sunshine, already pulling her glasses on before she hit direct sunlight, “That would be something you’d need to ask him. He was in the mood you’d expect him to be when we left. He even pulled rank on me, that rarely happens out of the bedroom these days.” She rolled her eyes pulling open the driver side door to move the seat forward, “If you kick i me in the back I will kick your ass.”

The blonde male laughed, climbing into the backseat to lounge across the back seats with his arms behind his head, “Oh kitty, you know I taught you almost everything you know. But I’ll welcome a friendly spar when I’ve worn your submissive out with the training I assume you’re implementing immediately.”

The female shoved the seat back fast enough to make the male jump then slide into her seat, “Such a fucking smartass.” She muttered under her breath, flipping the radio on low, “Rain check? Tonight’s gonna be us taking it easy and letting our hair down. A day like today ends with getting drunk and fucked up.”

Laughing quietly, Will took the offered arm, leaning subconsciously into Valentin's side. He already felt that this man would be joining the ranks of the dysfunctional family he was slowly building up, "Mood Daddy was in, I'd say he'll be all done when we get back…" Will shrugged, squinting up at Val through his curls, "A big brother sounds kind of nice. And sure… I'll go through my black book and highlight all the best bets for you. Just work your way through alphabetically."

Will climbed into the front seat of the car once more and kicked his boots off, folding his jacket on his lap and turning around to look Valentin over, "You know… I think you'll get on with my 'Metri." He smiled softly, "He's kinda meant to be my personal guard but he fucked up a bit today and decided XBOX was more important… think you can whip him into shape? I reckon it'll do him good not to be the top dog as far as the guys go… to take orders for once. He's gotten big headed." Will suddenly flushed, aware that he'd been thinking about the organisation as if he ran it, he shot a sheepish look at Tabitha, "If…If Mistress and Daddy agree, y'know?"

As they pulled back up at he house, Will grabbed his boots and padded in bare foot, flicking the switch of the intercom once inside, "D-Daddy?" He asked nervously, his voice echoing through the house, "Are you done? We brought Val…"

Tabitha peeled out of the parking lot, tires screeching with the wheel spin on the asphalt road, "Why did I think putting you two together was ever gonna be a god idea?" She mumbled, humming along to the radio as she sped through a red light, flipping off the car she cut up in the process.

Valentin raised an eyebrow at Will, "*Your* 'Metri? Sounds intriguing, I wouldn;t think you'd be allowed your own pets so early on, Hannibal's slacking." He chuckled to himself, thinking of all the things he'd be getting up to over the next few weeks, "If any of them are like you, I'm sure I'll be having a *lot* of fun for a while."

Tabitha let the three of them into the house, slipping her boots off as she walked into the entrance hall, picking them up to head to the elevator, "He better be finished 'cause I'm not listening to that asshole screaming in the red room all night. I'll slit his throat myself."

"Still so feisty, Tabitha." Val drawled, leaning himself against the wall next to the elevator.

"Shut the fuck up." The female replied stepping into the elevator when it arrived.

Hannibal walked over to the wall in the red room and hit the button with his elbow, blowing his hair out of his face, "Perfect timing as always, little lamb. Everything is taken care of, clean up is just beginning." He chuckled at the mention of Valentin, "Good, tell the bastard he owes me most of a bottle of very expensive whiskey."

Tabitha shoved the bottle from the bar into Val's hand with a pointed look, "Don't say I never remember shit for you." She drew her hand back to slap the male across the cheek, leaving a hand print behind on his pale skin, "That's for leaving without saying goodbye, asshole. Stupid fucking Viking." As she spoke she punched his arm then lent against the side of the elevator, turning her key to punch in the code, "He hasn't stopped complaining about that bottle for a year."

Will shrugged at Valentin, “He’s not my pet… He’s my friend. Or atleast he’s supposed to be…” He frown morphed into a glowing beam when he heard Hannibal’s voice, a familiar, comforting warmth filling him at the nickname he adored. The thought that Michael was officially gone made tension leak from his shoulders but he still didn’t like the fact there were other men milling around everywhere, their sleep having been disturbed. He stuck close to Val as they headed for the elevator, trusting him to guard him in a way that Demetri would have to earn back.

Once they reached the top floor, Will dropped his boots and practically sprinted for the red room. He completely ignored the men preparing to drag Michael’s body away and launched himself at Hannibal, winding his legs around his waist as he kissed him firmly but tenderly, “Thank you, Daddy.” He breathed softly, resting his head against Hannibal’s sweaty forehead, “M’sorry I didn’t kill him myself.” Breaking out of his trance he turned to see Demetri skulking in the corner. Impressive red and purple bruising was already blossoming over his dark skin and he was holding his jaw awkwardly. Will raised an eyebrow but made to move to unwind himself from his Dom, wanting his reassurance and presence, “’Metri.” He said shortly, his tone slightly cold and distant, “This is Val. He’s gonna be looking out for me until you get your head out of your ass.”

“I know, Val.” Demetri muttered, looking like a petulant child, his words muffled behind his brand knew dental work. Ever since he was a teenager Valentin had gotten his back up. He’d always been slightly ahead of Dem in training, Demetri had always felt that Hannibal liked him better. And at the same time the minute he’d hit puberty he’d found the man painfully attractive and Valentin had always treated him like a sidekick, teasing him, never looking at him twice in the way Demetri wanted, “Thought you fucked off for good this time. What’re you doing back?”

Val wrapped a protective arm around the submissive’s shoulders, smiling as his face lit up when he beamed, “That’s a little more like it. You’re pretty when you smile.” The older male stroked his thumb down the side of Will’s face tenderly, “I’m sure he will earn back that trust in time.”

Hannibal turned at the sound of fast footsteps approaching him, he chuckled using his forearms to support Will’s ass as he kissed him back passionately, “Do not thank me, William.” He said once they finally pulled apart, looking up at the younger male’s eyes, fierce protection blazing in their darkness, “All in good time, little lamb. I will train you to kill a man without him evening knowing.” Hann assured the male with a gentle pat to his ass, “I must wash my hands if you wish for me to comfort you this evening.”

Tabitha stood by the door, looking over the wonderful mess Hannibal had made of Michael’s death, “Gotta say, it’s been a long time since I’ve seen so much carnage..”

Valentin wandered across the room, getting a better look at every injury given to the still warm corpse, chuckling darkly at Demetri’s tone, “You know me, dear ‘nephew’, I never can stay away from my family for too long.” He skulked across the room to run his tongue through a drop of blood that ran down the older male’s cheekbone, “Shall I pour you a drink?” He asked, raising the bottle in his hand.

“You remembered. Well done, brother.” Hannibal nodded, putting his arm around Will’s shoulders, “Come William, I would like to talk to you while I clean up.” He raked his gaze over the blonde male before pulling an unimpressed face, “Tabitha, have Valentin clean up before he pours drinks, God knows he’ll never do it once he starts drinking.” He kissed the top of his wife’s forehead as he passed, leading the submissive to the main bathroom, “I trust he remembers where his room is.”

Demetri scowled, snatching the bottle out of Valentin’s hands and stalked into the living area to grab glasses. It was just typical that Val would show up when he was in disgrace rather than any other time over the last few years when he’d actually been doing well, been Hannibal’s right hand man in fact, “I’ll pour, you clean up.” He muttered, “Looks like you’ve got Will under your thumb already… Don’t go thinking you’ll be able to fuck him any time soon, Val. Han and Tab are being selfish with him. And he’s a skittish little brat… it’s hard to coax him down from this floor most of the time.” His words were harsh but his tone was fond. He loved the younger sub even if he did drive him insane.

Will nodded, untangling his legs and hopping down, following Hannibal like a puppy, pausing to kiss Tabitha softly on the way past. He pushed himself up to sit on the work top in the bathroom, hissing as it pulled on his bruises.

Val tutted at the younger male’s lack of manners, simply slipping his freed hand into the pocket of his jeans, “Someone’s touchy. I’ll chalk that up to the painkillers you’ve been given, but remember your place, Demetrius. That is at my feet.”

Tabitha rolled her eyes at the tension in the air, moving aside to let the males out of the room, she smiled at the soft kiss from the submissive then turned to wrap her arm around one of Valentin’s to lead him down the hall to the room next to Demetri’s, “Would you stop antagonising people? I know you’re a dick but this is my house and I would like some quiet downtime for once.”

The tall male only laughed, letting himself into the bedroom and throwing the female down on the bed to straddle her waist and pin her arms above her head, “Why so tense, sweetheart? Has Daddy not been giving you enough attention?” He purred, nipping at Tab’s throat then suddenly puling away to strip his clothes off, clearly visible through the open doorway to all who passed by.

Letting out a steadying breath, the female rolled back to her feet and headed to the antique wardrobe to look through the mass of suits, trying to find something casual for the male, “If you’re gonna be looking out for Will, yo can’t be pulling that shit with him. He got attacked today and you coming on too strong will only make him more skittish.” She said slowly, looking over her shoulder to admire the male’s built physique, “Daddy won’t allow you to pull your usual act around the house either, I expect at least boxers on if you’re gonna waltz around like you own the place.”

Valentin turned to face the female, gesturing down his body, “And deprive the ranks of this? I hardly think that’s a possibility Tabitha.”

“Whatever you say, just put this on.” She threw a light blue v neck cashmere sweater at the male, along with a replacement pair of jeans, “At least this way you can flaunt what you got

without being naked."

Hannibal switched on the tap in the bathroom with his elbow to begin scrubbing the blood from his hands. As he worked to get every last drop off, he looked up at the younger male on the counter with a soft smile, "How are you, William? I don't expect the answer to be 'good' or 'fine' I just wish to know what's going on in your head." Soaping his hands up a few times, the older male focused on his actions, "Do you approve of my methods of punishment? It's brutal but effective, Demetrius will not make the same mistake twice. On that you have my word. The rest is up to him, he must prove himself again."

Demetri scowled, not in the mood was Valentin's mind games, and grabbed five glasses, pouring out a good measure in each and heading back to where Val and Tabitha currently were, "So…" He started, leaning against the door frame and raising his eyebrows as high as his heavily bruised face would allow, "On a scale of one to ten… just how pissed at me are you, Tabby?" He grinned weakly, "You gonna forgive me now I took my punishment like a good boy? The brat's fine and we even found out about a mole thanks to it so we're all good, right?"

"I…" Will hesitated, playing with his hands in his lap, "M'a little better now he's dead and you and Mistress are both around." He admitted quietly, "I told Tabby so I'll tell you too… I kinda had a feeling about Michael and I tried to tell you both but you were always too busy. I just feel like… *She* wants me around but maybe *you're* just allowing it to make her happy." The submissive started to chew on his finger nails worriedly, purposely not making eye contact, "I don't wanna be left alone any more. I don't like it. It scares me and it makes me feel less than useless. 'Sides which it's gonna be a while before I can trust 'Metri again. I want to be trained and I want a place at your side… I want to be a *part* of everything. Your submissive but not just your *pet* but if… if you're having second thoughts I need you to let me know so I can go find a beat far away from Chilton. I just… I want to be kept in the loop. Just 'cause I'm a sub it doesn't mean I'm stupid and it doesn't mean I can't learn. I want a future with you but… but that means you gotta work with me."

The sub sighed, rubbing the back of his neck, "Honestly… I think he got off lightly. I thought you were gonna kill him for a while there. Look. At the end of the day, you're a mob boss, you're not the guy to cross and if you give the guys orders then they should follow them, no matter who they are. 'Metri had it coming… And he was an ass. So I'm all for it. Val can keep an eye on me until Dem's made it up to me." He grinned, lopsidedly, "I could milk this for a while yet."

Turning to look at himself in the nearest reflective surface, Valentin assessed the damaged to his hair with a groan, "You see what happens when I let anyone else do my hair?" He grumbled, dropping the sweater to step into the jeans forgoing underwear as usual.

"I see what happens when you fuck off in the middle of the night without so much as a goodbye." Tabby retorted, sitting on the edge of the bed with one leg crossed over the other.

Val looked up to smirk at Demetri in the doorway, noting the raised eyebrows, "See something you like, darling?" He teased, zipping and buttoning his pants, taking a longer

amount of time to pull his sweater on over his toned torso, “Keep on lookin’ you’re gonna see this around for a long time.”

Tabitha slowly brought her eyes up to look at the bruised male in front of her, “I’m not as pissed as Hannibal was. I tried to stop him, remember? But I’m pissed the situation even happened, the mole isn’t the point and you know it. You were left to protect Will, fuck D, you volunteered for the job! How could you fuck up that bad?”

“About the mole.. I beat that information out of a drunk at the strip bar, not that hard to find out. The information is irrelevant.” Val said smugly, offering a hand down to the female to pull her up against his chest, “I think Daddy’s gonna let me have you for the night after I tell him who’s behind all this. I’d ask you to join, but I only have the best.” He added to Dem, slipping out of the bedroom, seeking the whiskey he knew to be waiting for him.

Finally getting the last of the blood from under his nails, Hannibal shut off the water to dry his hands on a towel which he dumped into the awaiting laundry basket as he stood between Will’s knees and held his face between his hands, “I admit I’ve been keeping my distance, I thought it was best to allow you to settle in and work has gotten the best of me. For that I apologise.” He gently tilted the younger male’s head up to meet his eye, “I want you here, it was I who proposed this arrangement, I should never have made you feel like you are only being tolerated because that couldn’t be further from the truth.” The crime lord smiled softly, stroking his thumb along Will’s jaw slowly, “Your training begins in the morning, Valentin and Tabitha will teach you to fight and use various weapons. Tomorrow evening I wish to see you on the roof for target practice; I want to see what you’ve got.”

Hannibal nodded his agreement, letting out a slow breath, “For a moment I thought I’d kill him too.. I’m furious he fucked up so badly but my side of this is done, it is up to you to forgive him and allow him back in when you’re ready. Neither Tabby nor I will force the issue.” the greying male slid his hands to the submissive’s thighs, pulling him off the counter to wrap his legs around his waist, “Milk this for as long as you want, Val will likely continue to poke the subject for some time too.” He chuckled, taking measured steps from the bathroom to the living room, sitting himself down on one of the couches With Will sat across his lap.

Tabby looked up from where she was lounging across the second couch with her head in Valentin’s lap, having been flipping through tv channels and arguing with the male about what should be left on, to see Hannibal carrying Will into the room, she gestured to the remaining glasses on the table, “Drink up, I’m gonna connect up a keg of that crap you two like to drink so much.” She gestured to her human pillow and then her husband flippantly, lifting her head up to look at the younger male, “Don’t let them convince you to drink it, it tastes like shit and gets you drunk way too quick. Unless you’re these too, some kind of natural tolerance.”

Will’s face lit up at Hannibal’s words, feeling like he really belonged for the first time in a week, he leaned in to kiss his Dom as he was picked up once more, wrapping his arms around the older male’s neck, “I like Val.” He purred softly, “He seems fun. Says I get to be his little brother. ‘Metri doesn’t seem to like him too much though.” He shrugged as he was carried through the the living area.

Demetrius gritted his brand new teeth painfully, “I am the best.” He growled, “Better than you in any case, pretty boy. And don’t ever call me your ‘nephew’ again. You’re not that much older than me, you ass.” He stormed out of the room and flopped into an armchair, looking like a petulant child, despite being in his thirties. His eyes widened as he realised Hannibal and Will were already there, “Brat…” He said, surprised, “Didn’t expect you to be out here. You okay?”

“Would you rather I was ‘doing something useful?’” Will asked with a sneer, laying his head on Hannibal’s shoulder and rather enjoying watching his friend squirm, “Why are you acting like a little kid, ‘Metri? Val’s nice…”

“Only ‘’cause he wants to fuck you, Brat.” Dem shrugged, “And you know I’m sorry. Can’t you forgive me?”

“No.” The sub hummed, “And I don’t have to. So keep being nice to me and we’ll see. Val doesn’t want to fuck me, he just wants to be my friend. Is that so hard for you to understand? Stop being a dick or I’ll slap you again.”

“I’m not surprised you like Val, he has a certain charisma that attracts people to him. You’ll see that soon enough.” Hannibal chuckled, getting comfortable in his seat before leaning for the two glasses of whiskey closest to him, handing one to Will as he sipped the other, letting the rich flavours wash over his palate.

Valentin smirked, running his fingers through Tabby’s hair, watching the channels flip past too quickly to take anything in. He barely turned his head so he could see Demetri on the corner of his eye, an eyebrow arching, “You keep telling yourself that, I believe there are at *least* three others in this room who could show you several things you’ve never even dreamed of.”

Hannibal ran his free hand up and down Will’s back, his chin resting on his brown curls, “Demetrius.” He said warningly, eyes flashing at the younger male, “Remember that you’re still on probation, Valentin ranks higher than you. Show him respect or sulk in your room.”

The blonde male pointed a finger at Hannibal, all the while keeping his gaze locked on the bruised bodyguard, “That, dear n*ephew*, is why I will not cease calling you such. You are Hannibal’s almost adoptive son, no? And I am his brother from another mother country. Therefore, you are my nephew.” He chuckled, draining his glass to pour himself another larger one, “I do want to fuck you, little one. That much was obvious this afternoon at the bar, but I respect my betters and will keep my hands to myself. Once you’re willing, you’ll come to me all on your own.” The wink he gave Will made Hannibal’s chest vibrate with laughter, “If the Boss agrees, of course. Until then I am your friend and whatever I’m assigned to be, unlike *some* people I can do my job.”

Will sipped at the alcohol slowly, having already had three glasses at the club he didn’t want to go completely overboard and thought over what Valentin was saying, “Maybe someday.” He hummed softly, “If it’s okay with Daddy and Mistress. Right now I’m more than happy with just them though.” He watched the interaction between Demetri and Val with growing

amusement, and turned to Tabitha, “Can we just lock them in a room together? They have unresolved sexual tension.” He melted into Hannibal’s touch, relishing just being held by the man that he’d barely seen lately.

Demetri rolled his eyes, “Yeah, yeah… he only outranks me when he’s actually here.” He cracked his knuckles unhappily, “So what’s this ‘oh so important’ news that you have?”

“And you call *me* a brat.” Will muttered.

“Because you are.” Dem chuckled standing up and pouring three glasses of the alcohol Hann and Val liked, taking a sip himself and struggling to hide his disgust, he was determined to prove he could play with the big boys.

Valentin lifted his glass, taking the submissive’s reply for what it was, “Of course, little one. I’m more than happy to work for the right.”

Tabby sat herself up to watch as Demetri poured out the ale, bemusement written all over her face when she realised he was joining in with the fun, “I swear to fuck, if you puke it’s you cleaning it. I’m sick of being the maid around here.”

Hannibal hummed softly in thought, looking between Val and Demetri with a roll of his eyes, “Wouldn’t happen, Valentin has his head shoved too far up his ass and well.. Actually they both do.” He laughed, toeing off his shoes to put his feet on the couch, giving Val his full attention once he’d switched his empty glass for one of ale, drinking about half before setting it on the arm of the couch next to him, “Yes, what is this important news of yours? There must be a good reason as to why your hair is stained with blood so early in the day.”

Val shifted a little uncomfortably under Hannibal’s gaze, glancing at Demetri for a moment before shrugging, downing his whiskey and moving onto the glass of ale, “I found out where Chilton’s getting his money. Your benefactor is someone you’ve known for a long time.” He stated slowly, not wanting to give to much away with men still milling around cleaning the red room and even jerked his head toward the disgraced bodyguard, “Perhaps the details should remain between the two of us, for now? Safety first.”

Narrowing his eyes at the taller male, Lecter took a moment to think over what the other male could possibly be implying but nodded, “Safety is our first priority. You and I will discuss this later, alone.” He added with a pointed look, draining the rest of his glass in one with a happy groan, “Now, Val I’m appointing you as Will’s guard. His training begins in the morning, the basement is yours and Tabitha’s for the duration of the day. No interruptions.”

Hannibal pressed a soft kiss to Will’s jaw, tilting his head in silent question as to whether or not he was okay then settled back again to run his hand along his leg, “Speaking of training, I have a gift for you.” He clicked his fingers at Tabby, ignoring her groan of annoyance, “There’s a package under the bar, I’d like it please.”

Tab muttered to herself as she wandered over to the bar, disappearing behind it to find the package in question. She produced a square flat velvet box, the kind usually reserved for expensive jewellery, and stood up with her mouth hanging open as she pulled a bottle of

vodka from the shelf and made her way back over to the couches, holding the box to her husband, “That’s what I think it is, isn’t it?”

“You recognise the box.” Hann stated with a simple smile, taking the box from her.

Demetri scowled, taking another swig of the disgusting ale, “I’m fine.” He snapped, watching over his shoulder as two of the men came to them with a body bag containing Michael between them, “Yes?”

“We… uh… Boss?” The turned from Dem and back to Hannibal, “What’re we doing with him? Cold room or disposing of him.”

Will shuddered, even though the man was dead he had no desire to be anywhere near his body if he could help it, he tucked his head into Hannibal’s shoulder.

“Wait!” Demetri suddenly yelped, eyes darting between his father figure and Valentin, “You’re making him Will’s guard?! That’s my gig! I made one mistake, you gotta give me another chance, Hannibal!”

Rolling his eyes, Will slid off Han’s lap, not wanting to be caught in the cross fire and moved to sit between Val and Tabitha on their couch, leaning against his new found brother as he watched his Mistress wander off to find his gift. He frowned curiously at the box in her hands, genuinely having no clue what could be in it.

Hannibal pressed his lips to the top of Will’s head before turning over the back of the couch to glare at the males stood questioning him, “Shouldn’t it be obvious? Cold storage until dark, then dump him at Frederick’s door. My message is loud and clear, he should see it and dispose of it as he wishes.” He dismissed the males with a wave of his hand as he turned back to shoot a dirty look at Demetri, slamming his glass down on the coffee table as Will stood up, “Yes, I’m giving him your job as well as his usual position. Someone around her needs to do the job and until Will feels comfortable enough to be alone with you again, Valentin is family and I trust him to protect William.”

Valentin through about sticking his tongue out at Dem but thought better of it the second it crossed his mind - Hannibal was being amicable, but even he knew where to draw the line - instead he watched Tabitha’s ass as she headed for the bar, giving the older male an appreciative look when she couldn’t see which was gone an instant later, replaced by a scowl, “Don’t be petulant, Demetrius. You want to play with the big boys, you have to earn that. You failed last time you earned it, perhaps going back to the beginning will teach you to be humble?”

“Enough.” Hannibal cut them both off with an exasperated sigh, lifting the top of the box as Tabby sat down again, “This is something we should have done the moment you arrived.” He said, looking up at Will across the table as he slid the opened box across the table to reveal it was a black leather collar, lined with velvet for comfort with a red embroidered stag head one one side of the buckle and heat stamped LECTER on the other, lined with red to match the design.

“You belong to us, Will.. No temporary collar needed, you proved yourself to be more than adequate for the job, and this family.” Tabitha said softly, easing the box the rest of the way toward Will before sitting back and watching anxiously, “Daddy designed this the night you came to stay with us, we knew you’d be sticking around.”

Val pretended to gag, slipping from the couch to refill both his and Hannibal’s glasses with more ale. He stopped behind the bar to peruse the liquor collection before pulling their pints from the tap, glancing up at Demetri, “Would you like a coke to wash down the Scandinavian ale? You’re no Viking, my friend, give up before you end up unconscious.”

Demetri fell back against the coach, clearly not happy but knowing not to argue any further, he’d gotten off lightly but if he kept questioning Hannibal it could be him in a body bag next time.

Will’s breath caught in his throat as he collar was revealed, he held out a shaking hand and brushed his finger tips over the soft leather and velvet. This was everything he’d wanted for a long time, a perminant collar was as good as a wedding ring, it was a solid place in the family. Tears welled up in his eyes as he launched himself over the table and into Hannibal and Tabitha’s laps, alternating between kissing one and the other, “Thank you.” He whispered, his voice choked, “Thank you so much…”

“Uh… I’ll just… be over here.” Feeling like he was intruding on their moment Demetri stood and wandered over to the bar, leaning up against it and gazing at Valentin’s ass as he bent down, “So… I know I give you a hard time but I’m serious, are you just going to piss off again without warning?” He asked quietly, “People missed you. Tab and Hannibal…” ***Me***, “And if Will grows attached he’ll get upset if you just disappear.”

Tabitha laughed softly, shifting closer to Hannibal as Will began the kiss assault on the two of them. She pulled Will over onto her lap, running her fingers along the exposed skin of his hips where he shirt has ridden up, “We want you, baby.. We told you that.”

Han tangled his fingers in the back of Will’s hair, pulling away from Tabitha to kiss him deeply, possessive and marking his territory, “You are *ours*. There’s not a person in the world who can change that now.” He assured the younger male with a light nip to his jaw.

Valentin poked around under the bar for longer than necessary, checking every inch of the area for any kind of bugs while he was still able to think straight enough to do so, “I can hear the lips smacking and practically smell the pheromones in the room. If they start dry humping I’m dumping ice over them.” He muttered as footsteps approached behind him. Slowly straightening up, Val turned to face the other male, all traces of amusement gone as he lowered his voice, “I’m not going anywhere, not with the information I know. I’m planning on making the city my home, and making it up to the people I hurt the most.”

Sighing softly, the Viking poured the two ales from the keg and let them settle before topping them off again, to meet Demetri’s eye, “Will’s special, I can see that. I’m not going anywhere, not again.”

Will smiled, wriggling happily in Tabitha’s lap as he got comfortable, “I know… but telling me that you want me and collaring me are two completely different things. Talking of

which…" He leaned forwards and grabbed the box, "C-Can one of you?" He gestured to the collar, blinking between them hopefully, "Please?"

"Yeah, well…" Demetri nodded, hands deep in his pockets, "See that you don't. What did you find out? Who is it?" He watched Valentin work, head cocked to one side, "You won't find any bugs up here, y'know? Michael was irritating as fuck, he was never allowed up to the top floor. I'd check the rest of the house at some point though. And we should take out his bed… might fight some information there." He poured both himself and Will a coke, pointedly ignoring Val's smirk, "Shut up. I just like coke, alright?"

"I told you that I wanted to collar you before, I see now that the error was to wait so long." Hannibal stated, reaching for the box to take the collar out and unbuckled it, the buttery leather sliding easily through his fingers as he deftly fastened the collar around Will's neck, "This should rest much the same way as the chord, ever present and linking you to us."

Tabby pressed soft kisses along Will's throat just above his collar, tongue running along the soft leather, "I can't wait to show you off now you're collared." She breathed, carding her hand through Hannibal's hair to pull him closer once more, "I might have to find my collar, some days I miss it."

Hannibal groaned happily, pressing his chest up against the submissive to nip his shoulder and then Tabby's lip with a grin, "I eagerly await its return." He spared a glance at the bar with a smirk, "You are both mine tonight, Val can keep his hands off for a day, I'm sure."

Placing both his hands on the bar top to look Demetri dead in the eye, "I assume you know of Tabitha's past?" He questioned, taking a sip of his ale and licking the foam from his lip before continuing, "Her once captor is staking his claim on the city and everything within it. Chilton is just one of many on the ground here but they have money for resources they shouldn't have." He sighed softly, eyes twinkling at the other male pouring cokes, "She shouldn't know, not yet. Hannibal will insist on keeping this information quiet until we find him. She and Will have much the same past, they shouldn't live looking over their shoulders until there's valid reason to."

Will relaxed the moment he felt the leather around his throat, just a little too tight to constantly remind him it was always there. It was soft and comfortable and he had no intention of ever removing it, "Perfect." He purred softly, nipping at Tabitha's neck, "Is your collar the same as mine?" The sub asked curiously, throwing his feet up into Hannibal's lap and relaxing, toying with the cut on his lip.

Demetri nodded thoughtfully, he frown growing, "Fuck." He muttered, leaning heavily back against the counter and running a hand over his head, "This is going to turn into an all out war once the Boss finds out. Hann has the resources but this other guy… he's something else. There's no guaranteeing we'll win."

Tabby nodded, leaning back so Will could rest on her chest as she lent into Hannibal's hand on the back of her neck, "It's exactly the same, aside from the diamond set in the strap." She hummed, arching her neck into Will's mouth with a moan.

Hannibal's fingers played with the baby hair at the nape of Tabby's neck with a playful smile, "Pulling you both around by a leash? That's my idea of a good night." He let his eyes wander over both his lovers, then eased Will's lip from his fingers, "Let it heal, I don't want your lip scarring."

Valentin nodded solemnly, lightly placing a hand on Demetri's shoulder to squeeze before letting go again to pour a load of bourbon into the male's coke, "Believe me, I know. We're gonna have ourselves a nice drink, a little fun and maybe some of Hann's private stash, then we'll deal with the severity of the situation tomorrow." He raised his glass to the bodyguard and took a long drink, fingering the silver chain around his neck that matched Hannibal's exactly, "Family, forever. Death is not an option."

Will moaned softly at the thought of being attached to Hannibal with a leash, "Can't wait to come to the club with you both now I'm properly collared." He closed his eyes, a pleasant shiver running down his spine, "Oh! They called today by the way… Your booth is finally cleaned and ready for use, they said sorry for it taking so long but I told them sorry wasn't acceptable and you'd see them in the office tomorrow." The sub chuckled, "I enjoy terrifying your minions. It's fun."

Demetri swallowed heavily, his hands clenching around his drink, it had been in a show down with Tabitha's captor that his father had been gunned down. It was a sore subject for him because it was death he knew he'd never be allowed to avenge - since everything that had happened with Tabitha that kill was no longer his. Demetri's father had been a close friend of Hannibal's and after his mother had died in childbirth he'd grown up extremely close to his father, been trained from a young age to take a place in Hannibal's ranks. When he was fifteen his father had been killed in front of him, on the first hit he'd been allowed on, and he'd been devastated. It had actually been Valentin who'd dragged him out of there, or else he'd have probably gone down fighting at the same time as his father. He'd been completely lost, not had a clue what to do, but Hannibal had taken him under his wing, become a second father to him. He'd die for his Boss, he *had* killed for him hundreds of times.

Valentin was a different matter. They tore the shit out of each other, constantly arguing but they were family. The problem was that Metri had had a crush on the older man since he was sixteen and Val had never seen him as anything other than an irritating nephew, it wound him up.

For once though, none of that mattered. Demetrius was happy to take the comfort from a member of his family. He was determined not to fail like his father had. He wouldn't die. He'd help Hannibal win this war and no one else he cared about would be lost along the way. Nodding he took a swig of his drink, hand gripping the his father's gun, "We'll get them through his."

Hannibal chuckled, pulling Will's head around to kiss him deeply, pulling away only when he needed to breathe, "Good, you are their boss, they should know that you're not to be ignored." He hummed, lightly tugging the back of Will's new collar, "We'll forgo the booth next time we're at the club together, I rather like the thrones we had placed on one of the stages, much better to show our power over them and all the better to show you off."

Tabby hummed softly in agreement, already mentally planning the perfect outfit in her head for when the night came, “That sounds like fun, I’ll have to cancel my clients if you’re going to keep us leashed all night.” She added with a smirk to the older male, turning to see that Val and Demetri were still over by the bar before shoving her hand down the front of her husband’s pants, groaning happily when she found him semi hard already, “I can tell you like that idea, Daddy..”

Give another smile, this time one without malice or intent behind it other than to just offer some comfort, Valentin lightly patted Dem’s arm, “You and me, we’re it for them. But no firing guns in the house, some of us are a foot taller than you.” He chuckled, his usual mask back in place as he rounded the bar to pick up the fresh glasses, “I’ve heard that aside from today, you’ve been doing pretty well for yourself. I have ears all over, you’ve been getting a name for yourself on the street, I’m strangely proud. Not sure how that happened.”

Will chuckled, slipping his own hand down into Tabitha’s panties and raising an eyebrow at the slickness he found there, “Seems like you like the idea too, Mistress.” He smiled a little shyly, slipping a long finger inside of her as his thumb rolled around her clit, not trying to get her off, just to feel her react under his finger tips. He adjusted his position on the couch, pressing his back against Hannibal’s chest as he dipped his head forward to suck a deep purple mark on Tabitha’s pale, elegant neck.

Demetri chuckled softly, “Well. I was trained by the best and I’ve worked hard.” He shrugged, “Han’s done a lot for me… Don’t want to let him down by doing something stupid out on the street. I’m good at what I do, Val… And I ain’t no kid anymore.” He looked over at the couch and groaned, “Oh for fuck’s sake… get a room, guys!”

Tabby threw her head back, giving Will full access to her throat as her entrance clenched around his fingers causing her to moan deeply, “Daddy rarely lets me play submissive these days.. I’m the boss too, can’t let people see weakness too often.” She whispered, dragging one of her nails along the underside of her husband’s shaft.

Hannibal let out a groan, tugging Will’s head back to kiss him deeply letting his free hand roam across his toned chest, not wanting to pressure Will into anything yet and especially not in front of an audience. He pulled away to shoot an amused look at Demetri, “I think you’ll find all of these rooms are mine, I will not refrain from doing as I please in my own home.” He raised his eyebrows with a smirk, “Although perhaps you are right, the living room is not the best place for this will the entire house still milling around.”

Val smirked cockily, clearly in the mood to taunt the younger male a little, “Perhaps, but Hannibal’s not the best at everything. Why do you think Tabby still needs training with me each time I turn up? I have my own specialities, but I’d like to see what you’re made of now you’re a big boy.” He chuckled, moving across the room to sit down on the other couch, pushing Hann’s glass over to him, “So, Demetri tells me he’s a real boy now. You had him out killing for kicks or to make a point?”

Will sighed but nodded, pulling his hand free and sucking his fingers clean thoughtfully. Honestly he wasn’t up for anything other than petting and comfort anyway. He crawled back into Hannibal’s lap, curling with his head resting on his Daddy’s collar bone to watch the conversation with interest, tangling the fingers of one hand with Tabitha’s.

Rolling his eyes at Valentin, Dem followed him back to the living area, handing Will the virgin coke and sitting on the floor which his back to the couch, “Both, I think.” He admitted, “Just for kicks until I got practice then targeted kills.”

Hannibal caught Will’s wrist in his hand before he had a chance to lick his second finger clean, taking it into his own mouth to suck every drop Tabitha left on them with a groan then allowed Will to crawl back into his lap, “You must always share your Mistress, she tastes exquisite, doesn’t she?” He asked, lightly sucking a faint mark on the male’s jaw, “Daddy likes you sitting here.” He muttered next to his sub’s ear, “You shall have to accompany me to the office some time, I could always use a *distraction.”*

The older male tore his attention from Will to look between the two males, mentally backtracking the conversation in order to answer the question posed to him, “Demetri needed some blooding, to quench the rage he felt. Tabitha was much the same, occasionally they both need to let the animal out and I allow that where business allows. Demetrius has been a very formidable hitman for years now, he’s almost of the same calibre as you. Although your methods are… Impulsive.”

Tabby pouted across the couches at Val, she enjoyed his coming around because it meant she got to play the wild child for a while; with the older male around it meant she had a little less responsibility around the mob and that left her with a chance to spread her wings and make a mess before ultimately returning to normal, “I don’t think he wants us to hang out too much, scared we’ll walk into a rival club and shoot the place up.”

“That actually sounds like fun, I’m so glad you brought up the subject.” Valentin’s eyes brightened at just the idea of mowing down an entire base of operation for one of their competitors.

Will pouted as Hannibal stole his fingers, not happy at being told to share but it was quickly forgotten as he watched his Daddy sucking his digits and heard his suggestion. Moaning softly, Will nodded, tipping his jaw to allow Hannibal easier access, “I’d like that.” He purred, “And I could hide under the desk if you didn’t want them to see me on your lap. Sure I could find something to amuse me…” The young sub chuckled softly, he hummed softly, “Security at the rival clubs is nothing compared to yours.” He shrugged, grinning between Val and Tabby, “If you wanted, I could get you in undetected. Used to sneak into them so I could work all the time.”

Demetrius raised an eyebrow, distracted from preening under Hannibal’s praise, “You’re just a wealth of useful information, aren’t you Brat?”

“Well…” Will chewed his hurt lip, considering his words carefully, “I’ve lived it from the other side, you know? Guess I just have a different perspective to the rest of you.”

Hannibal groaned at the thought of Will kneeling under his desk, keeping himself amused with lazy blowjobs, his mouth slipping from Will’s jaw to his throat to nip lightly at his adam’s apple, “You are a naughty little thing, aren’t you.” He stated with amusement, gently tugging the submissive’s head back even further to bite at the side of his neck, Hannibal even went so far as to suck the younger male’s skin to ensure he marked his property for all to see.

Lecter had taken to watching his lovers sleep before leaving for work over the past few days, while committing every detail of Will's body to his expansive memory and had already been considering where he and Tabby could permanently mark him as their own. So far he was torn between the back of his neck, always able to see their signatures when the sub was on his knees or the base of his spine, one to match Tabitha's.

"Security is lax because my rival's lack the funds to upgrade, we do so every few months." The older male said matter of factly, running a hand through his hair once he finally ceased playing with one of the slim male's curls, "We could use that kind of information, we can always use a way to get our people in and out undetected." Hannibal slowly ran his hand along the outside of Will's thigh, steadying his gaze on Valentin, "Don't do anything stupid, and I would advise you to do something about the hair before being seen in public again. You look ridiculous."

Val mock pouted at the older male running his fingers through his hair, "I suppose you're right. Doesn't keep with the aesthetic, does it?" With a sigh, he made the decision to part with his completely ruined shoulder length locks that had taken years to grow due to his impulsive nature, "Tabitha, if you wouldn't mind?"

Tabby jumped to her feet in an instant, already halfway out of the room by the time Val was finished asking, "On it!" She chirped, disappearing behind the bar to pull out the scissors she used to cut Hannibal's hair - she was the only person he trusted to do it these days - and pulled a stool into the middle of the room, tapping the scissors on the seat before reaching for the open bottle of vodka on the table to take a swig, "Sit your ass down, don't move."

Chuckling softly as he stood and moved to sit on the stool with his beer, Valentin pulled his sweater over his head, transferring his glass to the other hand to throw the item at the couch he'd just vacated, "Yes, Mistress." He smirked, draining half his ale before setting the glass aside, "You could have my balls in your hand and I couldn't feel safer."

Hann mouthed at Will's ear, grazing his teeth over the lobe to whisper hotly against the submissive's sensitive skin, "She'll be after your hair next, she takes a few refusals before admitting defeat."

Will yelped, looking between both of his Dominant's with wide, pleading eyes, "No!" He whined, "I like my curls… I hate having short hair, please don't make me…."

"Well they hardly look very menacing, do they?" Demetrius rolled his eyes, at least his practically non existent hair was safe, "We're trying to turn you into a vicious killer and you're there all fluffy and baby faced."

"Fuck off, Metri." Will sighed, resting his head back against Hannibal's chest, "I'm a sub wearing a collar, whether my hair's short or not I'm hardly going to be terrifying anyone am I? Maybe I can lull people into a false sense of security."

Tabby tutted as she combed through Valentin's hair, giving a few other choice noises of disgust as she picked dried blood from his hair. Looking over at Will, she pouted a little just as she started to snip off large chunks of the blonde's air, "Come on, you can totally trust me. I trained for a few years but I got bored so I quit and fully submerged myself in the job." She

half smiled at the memory, cutting more of Val's hair off, "A little bit of a tidy up, barely anything off the length at all. I wanna keep your curls in good condition."

Hannibal chuckled softly, kissing the curls in question, "Boys, no fighting. We're celebrating having a new addition to the family and having an old one back with us. If you're going to continue antagonising my new pet I must insist you turn in for the night."

Val snorted from his seat, keeping himself stock still to avoid Tabitha threatening to cut off his ear if he messed up her hard work, "Getting sent to bed by daddy, how embarrassing." He squeaked as the female smacked him around the back of the neck, "*Jesus, woman. Watch the goods!"* he muttered under his breath in Swedish.

"*I'm always watching your goods, baby."* She hissed in his ear before nipping the lobe sharply, "I've spent years around you, Valentin, I picked up the language pretty quickly."

Chuckling on the couch, Hannibal drained his glass in a few short gulps, "You've been gone for a while, but surely you remember how intelligent this household is?"

"Fine…" Will nodded, eyeing Tabitha's scissors suspiciously, "I suppose so. Beats cutting them myself with a blunt razor." He chuckled, shrugging before sticking out his tongue at Demetri, "Daddy likes me better than you."

"Lies." Demetri rolled his eyes, "He's known me longer, *years* long. You've got a lot of catching up to do, Wills."

The sub raised an eyebrow at the nickname but let it slide, "Nope. Sorry… Don't see you wearing his collar. I'm his favourite, he likes me better than you and Val and you know it."

Metri chuckled, "You've got a point when it comes to Val, who could ever prefer him over your adorable face, hm?" He turned around and cocked his head, looking over Tabitha's handiwork, "You missed a spot…"

"Exactly, I'm a pro and I wouldn't fuck anything up. Hannibal only lets me cut his hair. You don't wanna know what happened to the bitch who cut his hair last." Tabitha gave a dark smirk and a second later it was gone again, her brow furrowing as she snipped her scissors in warning at Demetri, "I know genius, I'm the one with the scissors and the qualification. Leave me to work my art."

Hannibal laughed, shaking his head at the conversation, "I favour William and Tabitha, they are *mine*. While I occasionally dabble with others, Valentin has always been a constant companion through the years." The older male set his glass down on the coffee table, subconsciously dragging his nails down Will's spine through his shirt, "Demetrius on the other hand is like a son and I could never share a bed with him. If you weigh it out, you are both equal for different reasons." He knew that probably wouldn't stop the argument, but it was all he would be saying on the subject.

Tabby combed through the rest of Val's hair, evening out the edges before putting down the scissors and comb to grab a pot of wax. By the time she was finished, the floor was a mess of matted hair but Valentin's hair was the best it had looked in years; long enough to be pushed

back but still short enough to go unstyled and not look like a mop, “Questions, comments, praise? All are welcome.”

Will beamed when Hannibal included him in those that he favoured, he pressed a gentle kiss to the older man’s jaw line and turned back to watch Tabitha work, “I love it. He looks sexy now… looked a hot mess before.”

“Oh please…” Demetri huffed, crossing his legs to try and hide his slowly growing erection, “Not someone else to fawn over him… his head’s expanding as we speak.” He licked his lips and stood to busy himself behind the bar, not wanting to get caught out. Having Val back was going to be murder, he could already tell.

“Will you do mine now?” Will asked curiously, “May as well get it over and done with while you’re in the zone…”

Valentin reached for his half full ale, finishing it off in one long swig before burping into the back of his hand, “Well thank you, William. What matters to me is that you thought I was hot, regardless of the mess part.” He grinned, getting to his feet to brush of the remaining hair from his bare chest, leaning over the back of the chair to kiss the female deeply, pulling away after a long moment, “Thank you, darling.” He grinned, grabbing up Hann’s glass and moving to fill both up again at the bar, moving easily around Demetri, clearly focused on getting more alcohol in their bloodstream, “You and I both know that’s not the direction it’s flowing.”

Hannibal’s nostrils flared, his head slowly turning to face Demetri with a slight smirk - of course he’d been aware of his pseudo son’s attraction to Valentin form the instant it had began to manifest, he wasn’t sure how much Dem knew about it but he’d become accustomed to scenting the young guard’s obvious delight at having the older male around. He watched the two males as they practically danced around each other, completely oblivious to the chemistry crackling between them.

Tabby moved to grab the dustpan to clear up the hair from the floor, swigging periodically from the vodka resting on the table next to her. Once she was finished clearing up the blonde hair, she tapped the stool in front of her with a smile, “Of course sweetheart. Sit and I’ll get a spray bottle to wet the ends of your curls.” She padded from the living area to find the spray bottle in the bathroom, changing the water at the same time.

Demetri swallowed, his eyes fluttering shut as the older man squeezed past him, “Slut.” He chuckled, good naturedly, there was no heat behind his words, if anything it was a term of endearment. “So how many of the Boss’ men are you gonna try and work your way through this time? Your record’s gotta be well into the double figures by now…” He started to wash and clean glasses, desperate for something to do with his hands.

Will beamed and pressed a tender kiss to Hannibal’s lips before climbing off of his lap to sit himself in the chair. His eyes narrowed as he took in the two men and their exchange and he cocked his head, looking between both of his Dominant’s and dropping his voice, “Have they ever…?”

Valentin's smirk only grew broader and he pressed himself deliberately against the male as he bent to check the connection to the tap, "That's one of your names for me." He laughed, standing straight and starting to pull the pints, "Double figures isn't exactly hard, Demetri. I was hoping to work my way through the bar, Tabby's little side business, and then maybe I'll work my way through Hannibal's men. I haven't decided yet." Val looked over his shoulder at the other male, raising his eyebrows teasingly, "Why? Trying to offer? I've already told you. I only take the best."

Hannibal lightly slapped Will's ass as he stood, his eyes remained glued on the bar, his interest clearly piqued before he shook his head with a light chuckle, "Goodness no! Valentin's convinced he's still that same fifteen year old boy clinging to my shirt after his father's passing.. And Demetrius has never been especially good at hiding his truest feelings, but Val is blind and a nympho, he'll have no idea for many years to come unless someone comes clean."

Tabitha sprayed the ends of Will's hair once he was sat down, easing the comb through the knotty curls with a small smile, "You'd think after all the time spent together Val would have at least assumed Dem wanted a piece of him but, as you can probably already tell, family means a lot to my brother. He has firmly boxed Demetrius as family and nothing else, which is rare of him."

Demetri scowled, turning around and raising an eyebrow, "How would you know whether I'm the best or not? You've never tried." He shrugged a shoulder and went to pour himself more coke, "I ain't a kid, Val… Fucked plenty of the men downstairs an' half the waitresses at the club. Not as inexperienced as you think, I'm just not as loud mouthed about it as you are." He squared his shoulders, intent on winding the older man up, "In fact… Maguire fucked me into your mattress just last night. Said the noises I made were right pretty." He grinned, "Anyway… I'm off to bed. Night all." He flounced off to his room, hoping that Valentin's eyes were on his ass as he went, "Night, Brat." Metri grinned, winking at Will, "Sorry again…"

Will snorted, relaxing under Tabitha's ministrations, "Think the tides are turning. Go Metri…" He mumbled, "Wanna take bets on how long it'll take them?"

Valentin sipped the ale he finished pouring then set about one the second one, his eyebrow arching at Demetri, his amusement written all over his face, "I seem to have touched a nerve." He smirked, eyes moving back to the ale he was pouring. He struggled to keep the shock from his usually so stoic face, he wasn't exactly surprised that Dem was fucking as many people as he could - after all, during the day there wasn't a whole lot else to do - but the image of Demetrius covered in sweat as he's screwed into the bed he'd stolen from him was enough to have his cock throbbing with interest.

The blonde waited until Dem was on his way out of the room before looking up, carrying the two ales back to the couch, watching the young male's ass from the corner of his eye as he left. "I need to buy a new bed, that little… He's soiled mine." He growled, snatching up Hannibal's ipad once he'd put down his ale, "I trust the company account is still full?" He asked, already searching for a bed better than his previous one.

Tabby combed through Will's hair and started to even out the length while taking the time to trim all his split ends in the process, "Honestly? No way to tell, sometime's Val is every inch the blonde. Other time's not so much, I just wonder if he'll see that D wants more than sex." She shrugged a little, falling quiet as Val sat himself down and took up the tablet, You know it is. We're doing pretty good with business."

Hannibal picked up his glass once it was set down, his expression one of intrigue as he waited until Demetri's bedroom door closed behind him in the hall, "I hope you understand that buying a bed will not ease the furrow in your brow." He commented off hand, "Or the bulge in your pants, although one of us is always more than wiling to help with that…" He snorted, running a hand through his hair, "Suddenly the nephew doesn't look so off limits?"

"Fuck you." Val replied without looking up from the screen, shifting his legs to try and hide his obvious discomfort.

Will chuckled softly, swinging his legs beneath him while he tried desperately to stay still, he was a bundle of nervous energy, rarely staying in one place for long and the last thing he wanted was to fidget too badly and end up scalped. He watched his friend go then turned back to Valentin with a raised eyebrow, "And you're buying a new bed… why?" He asked slowly, as if talking to a child, "He stole your room… he's not moving out of it any time soon and you're in a different room with a different bed. What's the issue?" He closed his eyes, pausing for effect before shrugging, "If I were you, I'd be more worried about that couch you're sitting on… I caught two of the guys from downstairs making a Demetrius sandwich on it yesterday. Watched for a bit too…" He beamed at Hannibal, "He needs some work but he has potential!"

Tabitha snorted from behind Will, entertained that he was more than willing to keep poking Valentin just as everyone else did. She said nothing though, focusing on the job at hand.

Valentin simply glanced up over the edge of the ipad as he took a moment to take two gulps of his ale then continued to scroll through the website he was searching, "It's not that it's been fucked on, half the shit in this house wouldn't be suitable for anything ever if that was the case. It's that he took my room with my specially ordered bed and let someone else fuck him into it, ergo, he soiled my bed and I must have a replacement."

"That fact that the bed you're willing to get rid off is perfectly fine means nothing to you?" Tabby muttered under her breath, "Someone's over compensating for something…"

The blonde male growled softly under his breath, tearing his gaze from the ipad to look at the female and then to Will, "First off, you know I love your guys' interior decorating skills but you know me.. I need to have a bed with reinforcements, not unlike your own. Demetrius has taken a liberty and claimed by bed, room included." As his gaze slipped to the submissive male, the corner of his mouth quirked up, "You're a kinky little puppy aren't you? I'll remember to leave my door open next time I have company. You're welcome to watch, or join. Your choice."

Hannibal sat stroking his thumb across his lower lips slowly, not commenting for a long time, deciding how best to break it to Valentin that he was onto the game he was playing, "Perhaps if you ask him nicely he'll allow you have your bed back.. You'd simply have to fuck him

into it first.*"* The grey haired male's eyes slipped down to Val's crotch and arched a brow, "You're not exactly hiding the evidence that you'd like to get him back for it."

"I'm not going to fuck him, and I do not negotiate with terrorists.*"* Val replied indignantly, ordering his new bed and throwing down the ipad to drink more ale, "Beside's, he's family. Incest is below even us." He said pointedly to Hannibal.

Will shrugged, blushing a little at the thought as he crossed his own legs over each other to hide his own growing erection, "That… yeah." He coughed awkwardly, "I um… Depends if Daddy and Mistress want to share." He nodded quickly, tipping his head back and looking at Tabitha upside down, "Are we done yet?" Frowning the sub turned back to Valentin, "Are you stupid? I know Daddy's your 'brother' and that makes Dem your 'nephew' but you realise that none of you are actually related… right? 'Sides even if you were it's no one business but yours, as long as no kids are born 'cause of it incest doesn't freak me out so much. Love is love, sex is just sex… We're all a little unconventional here. Daddy's a mob boss, Mistress is too… You and Demi are hired killers and I'm a whore. None of us are exactly on the right side of the law…"

Tabby tucked her scissors back into their protective case, leaning down to nip at Will's ear as it flushed with increased blood flow, "I don't think Daddy would mind, and I'll probably be the one Val's fucking so I really don't mind.. Up to you who you wanna screw." She breathed, running the tip of her tongue over the shell of his ear before moving away to return her tools to their rightful place, "I'm done now, you can do what you wanna."

Hannibal held his hand out to the submissive to indicate he should join him now he was free of Tabitha and her scissors, "Not to mention, *brother*, that you happily fuck me whenever you feel like it. That shit doesn't fly, and I can't abide liars, you know that." He looked pointedly at the blonde male, running his fingertip around the rim of his glass.

Valentin clenched his jaw a little trying not to lose his patience at his long time friend or his submissive, "I… I'm aware of that, but Demetrius has always been my responsibility even when he hated me watching his every move." He sighed softly, running a hand over his face in irritation, "Look, so what if I'd like to fuck him, then I'd have the boy all over me come breakfast time and I can't be dealing with that. The whole reason I fuck the expendable staff is that they're usually dead or in prison within a couple weeks." Trailing his gaze over Will, he gave a half smile, "No offence sweetheart, but you're not the same. I'd happily have you but you're naturally submissive, I want to care for you if that's what you need."

"I fail to see where Demetrius comes into the clingy category." Hannibal said simply, taking another swig of his ale, "He's not the touchy feel-y kind of guy,, not usually anyway. So what if you fuck him and he wants something more. That's not something to avoid because you've known him for so long, it's not like you used to change his diapers and Will's right. We're not having kids and it's not *really* incest. So what's the issue?"

Tabitha appeared behind Valentin, her hands on the back of the couch as she lent over to kiss his cheek, "Val's just all confused 'cause until all of ten minutes ago D was just a stupid little kid. Now he's wondering what it's like to fuck him, how he sounds when you have him just in the right place - hovering between pleasure and pain." She purred right next to his ear, her eyebrow arching just a little as the tent in his pants grew larger, "I told you." She smirked,

jumping over the couch to lay against Val, her head resting on his knee as her fingertips teasingly traced the outline of his length through his pants. The female barely spared Hannibal a glance at the mention of no kids, her hand moving unconsciously to her abdomen, “No.. No kids.”

Will beamed, crawling back into Hannibal’s lap and watching Valentin and Tabitha with interest, “I’m not trying to be mean…” He said carefully, “And while I’ll admit winding you up is fun that’s not what I’m trying to do here. I just don’t get it. Demetri might want more than meaningless sex but he’s not the kind for a closed relationship. Why couldn’t you be together and still fuck other people? Then you’d both stop moping all the time…”

Demetri chose this moment to saunter back into the living area, complete naked other than a flimsy towel slung low on his hips, his soft, dark skin glistening with water from the shower, “Sorry…” He hummed innocently, “Forgot my drink.”

Val suppressed a moan, trying and failing not to be turned on by the female’s ministrations. He took a calming breath and focused on the young male’s words as all of his blood began to rush south, “Because, dear William. I do not share.” He shrugged a little, scowling to himself until Demetri entered the room again, he then turned his attention to Tabby, running his fingers through her hair.

Tabitha shrugged off Valentin’s hand from her hair with a glare, “I don’t play second fiddle to anyone unless its by choice.” She breathed next to his ear as she sat up to watch Demetri as he crossed the room, “Don’t mind us, you live here and I’m enjoying the show.” The domme slid to her feet, sashaying across to room to slip her arms around the damp male from behind, dragging her hands over his torso as she span him around to wrap her arms and legs around him as she jumped into his arms, “But, I’d rather you made up the fact that you’re as tease by giving me a little something extra..”

Hannibal laughed softly, simply taking a drink from his glass and not bothering to antagonise Val any more than his wife already was, “I think Val’s just found out what it’s like to be played by the second fiddle.” He muttered next to Will’s ear as his arm slid back around the submissive’s body, “I give it a couple of weeks at the most before we find them fucking up against the wall of the elevator on the way back from a job. Tabby has a habit of getting overly involved with people’s private lives.. Even more so when it’s the family.”

Demetri grunted as Tabitha threw herself into his arms but he didn’t drop her. As his arms encircled her he dropped his towel, leaving himself completely naked as he drew her into a tender kiss, “Hey she-boss.” He chuckled, lowering his voice so that only see could hear him, “Not that I’m complaining but this ain’t exactly what I was hoping for.”

Will couldn’t help but watch, his eyes slightly widened, Demetri was fucking gorgeous he licked his lips slightly as he eyed his long, slender cock - mind suddenly full of thoughts of deep throating it. He shook his head quickly to clear it, he wasn’t up for anything like that but it was a thought for another day. Whining softly, he suckled on Hannibal’s jawline before flipping Val off, “Then don’t share.” He rolled his eyes, clearly at the end of his patience, “He wants you. You want him. Talk to him and make it exclusive before your hormones suffocate me. Daddy… No offence but your family’s damn stupid.”

Tabby beamed at Dem as she pulled away from the kiss, dragging her teeth and tongue over his jaw and down his neck to whisper by his ear, “Believe me, baby, I’m on your side here. Just go with it.” She giggled gripping Demetri’s jaw firmly but not enough to cause his bruises too much pain and kissed him possessively, “Jealousy works best to get what you want. Found that out myself.” She winked at the male, lifting her hips enough to slip a hand down between the two of them to give his length a few long strokes.

Hannibal quickly averted his eyes from Demetri’s naked form, watching a Val’s eyes moved quickly between looking at his ale, glancing at the naked male and then to glaring at Hannibal who just returned his look with a smirk, kissing Will’s cheek, “I think the issue is that while he doesn’t like to share his toys, he does like to have his run of the place; He wont share but wants Dem to be okay with sharing him.” He chuckled softly, running his fingers through his sub’s hair gently, “I’m aware they’re stupid but it amuses me to no end watching them run in circles all the time.”

Demetrius groaned, throwing his head back, Tabitha definitely knew what he was doing. If he was honest he wouldn’t be opposed to playing with Tabby or Will… Hannibal would take some getting used to but even he had to admit that his father figure was damn fine, “Fuck, Tab… You’d better be right.” He panted, slipping her onto the bar so he could wrap his hands in her hair and kiss her deeply.

Will let out a noise like an unhappy cat - it was the first time he’d seen either of his Dominant’s with anyone else other than each other and he wasn’t sure he liked it. Especially not seeing his Mistress with someone he was still trying hard to be mad at. He turned back to Valentin with a scowl, “This is your fault!” He hissed before sighing and flopping back into Hannibal’s arms, his mind working over time. His Daddy had promised him he wouldn’t be shared but what if he wanted to be… Demetrius and Valentine both had certain charms and if Tabitha could play then why shouldn’t he?

Tabby bit down over the male’s adam’s apple with a groan, mouthing back up his neck to suck on his ear lobe as she was propped up on the bar, “I’m always right, and you know it.” She smirked as she dragged her nails down Demetrius’ back, drawing blood as she dug her claws into his ass, hips grinding against him, “He knows you wanna fuck him… He just needs the right encouragement along the way.”

Val growled in his seat, practically able to smell the other two across the room without having to look - the sound was obvious enough on it’s own. With a glare at Hannibal, the blonde drained the rest of his ale and set the glass on the coffee table to get to his feet, “I can hardly see how this is *my* fault, William. I’m not the one allowing my wife to dry hump my pseudo son on the bar.” With that, he turned and left the room, the sound of his bedroom door firmly closing behind him sounding down the hall just a few moments later.

“Well, I give it a few days, he never can leave something alone once it’s in his head.” Hannibal chuckled, gently tilting Will’s head up at his unhappy noise, “What’s the matter little lamb? Do you not like seeing your mistress being shared?” He questioned softly, stroking his thumb along the younger male’s jaw, “I had assumed you were aware of our arrangement; we have a selectively open marriage. We’re open and honest about who we’ve slept with and that works for us, for the most part it’s Val and a few of the girls at the club

that Tabby likes to keep around just in case." The greying male leaned down to kiss the submissive tenderly, "You do not have to partake if you do not wish to, you have had enough of that to last you."

Will scowled, "I know… I get it. I don't like it but I'll get use to it." He muttered, aware that he sounded like a petulant child but figuring that he'd could be permitted given the events of the day, "But it's not *fair*. Demetrius doesn't deserve it, especially not today. He has to earn it." He muttered, humming into Hannibal's kiss and curling close.

Demetrius moaned deeply, pushing Tabitha back so that she was lying on the bar and jumping up himself, crawling over her body and hissing as she drew blood, "Well whatever works…" He chuckled against her neck, sucking a deep mark there, "Besides… this is fun."

Hannibal nodded slowly, he understood how Will felt, at first he had been so fiercly protective of Tabitha that he hadn't wanted to share her and by doing that he had also had to reduce the amount of sleeping around he'd been doing too; Valentin was the only person permitted and the blonde liked to disappear every couple of years or so. Stroking his fingers through Will's hair, he kissed the younger male's forehead, "He's not earned it at all, and I'm not about to let this get out of hand."

Turning his head to focus on the bar, the greying male called out to the two bodies writhing on the bar, "You two are aware that he has in fact left the room already." He sighed, running his fingers through his hair, "Both of you get off the bar, your point has been made, but Tabitha is mine for the night. No exceptions. You'll not be seeing Valentin again today, he has to formulate a plan for himself."

Tabby groaned, wrapping her legs around Demetri's waist only to pull away at Hannibal's voice, her head tilting back on the bar so she could pout at him across the room, "But Daddy…"

"Now, Tabitha."

Still pouting, Tabby slid out from under the male and slid to her feet, grabbing a napkin to remove what was left of her lipstick, "Fine. You're no fun." She muttered, wandering back to the couch and flopping down with a groan and flipping tv channels again - with no more drama in the house, there wasn't much left to do other than have a quiet night with their submissive.

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